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IDEALS.

PRIZE ESSAY ; BY J. HOWARD WURTS, OF TRENTON, N. J.

THE universal pursuit of man is happiness. To attain this in the highest degree, has ever been his absorbing thought, his engrossing care. A general uniformity is found to characterize the efforts which he makes to this end—so general a uniformity, that,—though subject, of course, to exceptions and limitations,—they may be referred to general laws, and reduced to general principles. A close examination shows most conclusively that the race, almost without exception, and more avowedly, the more cultivated and refined among them, conceive happiness to consist in reaching a certain degree of perfection—in fulfilling some ideal of excellence which they have formed in their minds. The consideration of these ideals, therefore, so general in their formation, and in their influence so controlling a principle of character, and obviously so active—according to the elevation and truth of the standard, or its falseness and degradation—in promoting or preventing happiness, deserves no slight or passing attention, but must commend itself to the highest interest of every seeker after happiness, as a matter worthy of instant, patient and thorough investigation.

The formation of ideals is various, according to the different circumstances, dispositions and characters of man, but as a gen-

eral rule it engages their attention, whether explicitly or not, in youth. Then the imagination, in its fresh life, paints the future in golden tints, rearing on the ever verdant, grove-covered hills which crowd the long perspective, gorgeous structures of joys to come, as seemingly substantial as they are substantially baseless. The dream of ambition generally begins in youth. The love of excellence and beauty, which produces philosophers, artists and poets, almost invariably exhibits itself in the nascent mind. Thus Milton was only fifteen when he wrote his paraphrases of the cxiv and cxv psalms. Tasso composed *Rinaldo* before his eighteenth year. Pope was only twelve when he wrote his ode on Solitude, and sixteen when he wrote his *Pastorals*. Michael Angelo is said to have exhibited his budding genius in sketching, with a coal, rude figures. Many anecdotes in illustration of the same, are related, in like manner, of the youth of Coleridge. Youthful feelings, however, are liable to very undue exaggeration. The soberer intellectual powers, which, at that period of life, have not yet hardened into independent strength, charmed and overborne by the imagination, readily yield to it the supremacy, and concentrate themselves upon the objects which it places before them. The chronological order of the facts is most frequently as follows: The mind is first attracted by certain striking or admirable traits in different characters. These may be those met with in real life, with their tints brightened and deepened by the same all-prevalent faculty; or oftener those which serve to embellish nursery songs, or those soap-bubble creations of fancy's playtime—fairy tales; or, still more commonly, those whose achievements have made their names conspicuous upon the page of history. A single character is seldom adhered to throughout; modification after modification enters as other characters come into view. Thus, many different characters generally enter into the complete ideal, which has become a combination of such traits, selected from these characters, as most please each mind. This combination is effected through the instrumentality of the imagination, and this faculty not content with its rude production, invests it

with an apparel of brightness and joy ; putting a crown upon its head, and encircling it with a halo of glory, magnifying and eternizing the gifts of honor and happiness with which its open hand is filled.

With some such ideal, it is the fashion of our race to start in life. With those who have any principle—and these comprise the larger portion of mankind—this is, or becomes the governing principle of life. Though in many cases, it is not reduced to the absolute form we have mentioned, yet in perhaps a majority of instances it is so reduced, and assumes definite proportions. This ideal is kept constantly before the mind ; if the person be energetic, his thoughts will all be intent upon discovering how he shall reach it most speedily—his efforts all directed towards that end. The less the energy, the greater the fluctuation of thought, and the inconstancy of effort. There might seem to be an exception in those who are entirely fickle, who turn first in one direction and then, apparently without any reason, in another. But at each change of mind it will be found, not that this change was the result of the previous non-existence of any ideal, but that a new and more attractive one was formed ; or that the proportions between the constituents, in the character of the old ideal, were altered. Neither can any exception be made out in those who seem content to remain as they find themselves born ; who apparently have no desire of improvement or progress. A person of whom this could truly be affirmed would be an anomaly among men. He might profess contentment, even satisfaction, but real, absolute contentment is impossible.

At times, the power of the ideal may be feeble, even in the strongest minds. One element may predominate over the rest, and extraneous matter may be forced in upon the mind, and so its attention be distracted. Sometimes, the ideal may even be altogether lost sight of. In some minds it will always be more distinct and vivid than in others ; in some more elevated. Still in every one is found an ideal—some governing principle, some

predominating aim. Evidently too, according to its vividness and power, is the effort to attain to it strenuous.

The term "ideal" is most appropriate, for, even though founded upon the most practical judgment and based upon the most matter-of-fact considerations, before it can assume the command of the mind, it must itself be seized upon by the imagination, and clothed with life and power. It is, in fact, in these respects, entirely dependent upon the imagination—the most superlatively ideal of all the faculties. The term is a fit one too, because the form so designated, consists, with rare exceptions, altogether of certain *ideas*, generally exaggerated, which we have concerning the originals of the component parts of the ideal character. Perhaps the chief reason for the name, is that the ideal is always found to transcend the actual and the attainable.

This ideal, when completely formed in youth, grows with man's growth, developing with his increasing mental culture, and the ingathering of new facts and new principles, and rising in loftiness and dignity, with the maturing and expanding character. Its power over him is nearly unlimited. Incorporated into his very life, it becomes a part of his nature. Always superior to him in excellence, it fills his being and animates his actions. In view of it he is roused to the most laborious and long-continued efforts. These efforts are not without a definite final cause; they are not a striving after a shadow; but are in accordance with the strongest principle of our nature. Man conceives that happiness cannot be attained without fulfilling his ideal; and he is right, so long as he retains that ideal. The miser founds his hopes upon the accumulation of riches, and dries up his very life blood to hoard the unattainable amount of his desires; believing that when this amount shall have been reached, his soul will be satisfied. The more liberal-minded desires money, in order to be happy in contributing to the gratification or advantage of himself or his fellow men. The ambitious imagines himself receiving the homage of the

multitude, or of the learned, and is happy in the thought. Even he who pursues intellectual culture for its own sake, does so seeing in it his highest happiness.

But man is essentially a spirit, and the law of his nature is progress. His devotion to his ideal must either be constant, and grow with years, or diminish and die away. In the latter case he chooses some new ideal, and starts afresh. In the former, his mind will be constantly more and more engrossed and absorbed by his ideal. Its beauty and perfectness will fill him with admiration and satisfaction. Its seeming sympathy with him, in holding out to his view happiness, will enlist all his warmer feelings. Its elevation above him, and the ever-widening distance between it and him, will invest it with the presence of divinity—will give it at least a rank among the Penates. It becomes at last, indeed, a very idol. True, it may not receive an outward and material form, nor the open and public worship of the visible man. Yet it is, in its deepest import an εἰδωλον—fashioned, though it may be, by the imagination only, and possibly never having assumed completely definite proportions to the mind itself. It still exists, however, and, bodying forth what man conceives his highest happiness, he renders it all the homage and adoration of his being, only obeying, in so doing, a fundamental and irresistible law of his nature. He has now clothed his ideal with divine attributes. In its society—contemplating it—he finds his life; in its smile,—when in any degree he fulfills it—he finds his bliss. What is it then but his god? What is its worship but his religion?

How delightful, how elevated, must then, be the life of the thoughtful man, of the true philosopher? His intellect towering: the ideal is lofty, nay, even sublime. His imagination glowing: the ideal is clothed with effulgent radiance and supreme attraction; in its coveted embrace will be found boundless and most ecstatic joy. His æsthetic powers great: the ideal embodies his highest conception of beauty, satisfying him with its rich completeness and perfect symmetry. His affections ardent, his desires panting to go out to their object; the

ideal furnishes their complement, and lighting anew the flame, itself is lighted up till in his view it glows again with bursting joy, and sympathetic feeling. His powers of action vigorous: he is consciously able to use unrestrainedly every means of fully attaining his ideals. How well has man chosen the road to happiness! How sure is he of obtaining it!

Thus finely might man reason, but experience draws a darker picture. We nowhere find him happy. His universal state is one of restlessness and discontent, if not of positive misery. This is a fact which will be disputed by none, to which indeed, every conscience bears witness. But why is this? There is, of course, much misery in the world that is the immediate result of man's fall; much that he has entailed upon himself by his subsequent crimes, and much that is the legitimate fruit of his own evil disposition. But leaving this out of view, as having only an indirect bearing upon the present subject, and regarding the present state of man's mind, saving only his sense of guilt, and the unhappiness resulting from it; could he be happy in view of his own ideals? Neither need the question, thus stripped of accessories, appear a bald or a barren issue, for upon it, as thus stated, have men, from time immemorial, staked their hopes. This it is, which they have almost always presented to their own minds. And certain it is, that though these ideals may not comprise the whole of happiness, yet man is so constituted that happiness cannot be had without them.

In order then, to secure happiness in view of these ideals, they must be free from every imperfection. If the mould is imperfect, that which is moulded upon it will be the same. Account must also be taken of the fact, that man is a spiritual, as well as an intellectual being, and most symmetrically constituted. If either of these fundamental considerations be left out, or if, in any other way whatever, imperfection inhere in the ideal, happiness, however much it may be vaunted, is impossible, from man's nature. For by this, even though the defect be not distinctly perceived, undefined suspicions that he is wanting somewhere must, at times, arise to disturb his peace. There

will be a vague sense of disproportion, a glimmering consciousness of incompleteness, which cannot fail to cause uneasiness, dissatisfaction and restlessness. This will preclude happiness, wherein is peace. The ideal must be perfect too, in another respect: it must be elevated. Man's exalted intellect cannot be satisfied with anything low or groveling. This is said advisedly, for those who do feed their souls upon husks and chaff, are not, in the depth of their hearts, satisfied; and they will be ready to acknowledge it, if sufficiently urged. The ideal, therefore, must be elevated and complete,—to fill the soul it must be sublime. Again, failure to come up to the soul's ideal introduces another discordant feeling; the sense of defect. This feeling, wherever it is experienced, and its cause—the reality of the defect—is reflected upon, is a worm which gnaws at the root of all joy. Man compares what he had designed with what he has accomplished, and this comparison, which is perfectly inevitable to all thinking minds, reveals the failure and futility of his exertions, and himself so far forth impotent, to attain his ends—to rise from a lower existence to that higher one which he had set before him. This consciousness, aggravated by the mind's battling against it, becomes one of the most dismal and disheartening feelings which can darken the human breast.

Man, however, has never been able to fulfill the first requisite. His moral nature fallen, his spiritual eyes darkened, and his rightful affections dead, his ideals, from this point of view totally, radically defective, have served to incite, yet failed to gratify his remnant of moral feeling. His intellect has shared, to some extent, his moral degradation, and while sensible of defect in its ideals, it becomes mournfully conscious of its utter incompetency to amend or complete them. It is indeed, by constitution aware of its own incapacity to present itself with objects worthy of its homage, and naturally looks for such outside of, and beyond itself. For it is most manifest that man's intellect can go no further than his conceptions, which are very finite, whereas his mind requires that higher object to which his spirit goes forth, to exceed these, before the soul can be satisfied.

But man not only failed ever, by his unassisted powers, to set before himself an ideal sufficiently lofty to fill his conceptions, but those which he did form, always far surpassed his power to reach. As Schiller says :

"This space between the Ideal of man's soul
And man's achievement, who hath ever passed?
An ocean spreads between us and that goal ;
Where anchor ne'er was cast !"

This is a fact, not only acknowledged but deeply felt by all.

Man is indeed in straits. It is perfectly evident that, without a lofty ideal, happiness is out of the question, whereas the loftier the ideal, the further is it beyond his power to realize. Either therefore, the ideal is attainable, when it fails of perfection ; or perfect, when it is unattainable. This dilemma is inevitable, and in transcending man's power to solve, it renders nugatory every hope of happiness. It is most evident therefore that happiness, in this point of view, is not man's portion even in his best estate. But not only must he be unhappy. He is afflicted besides with the grievous consciousness of utter inability to avert this misery ; or even to alleviate it to any considerable degree. He is bound in burning fetters ; encoiled in a living death, against which he vainly gnashes his teeth. The German poet has made this fact classical.

"If thou couldst see the serpent strife
Which the Greek art has made divine in stone—
Couldst see the writhing limbs, the livid cheek,
Note every pang and hearken every shriek,
Of some despairing, lost Laocoon,
The human nature would thyself subdue
To share the human woe before thine eye—
Thy cheek would pale and all thy soul be true
To man's great Sympathy."

To this wretchedness, despair must supervene. The picture, formerly so bright, has indeed become dark and cheerless. In desperation, all search after higher forms of beauty and truth must be abandoned—though not, perhaps, till after repeated and

agonizing strivings; and every aspiration must die. Imagination folding her vainly jaded wing, ceases her fruitless flight. Wiser is it to release the oppressed, repulsed, disheartened soul from the endless and distressing search after higher things, to subdue all its aspirations after a more congenial atmosphere—after its own empyrean—and fill out to their utmost measure, the fleeting joys of this momentary existence; and, regardless of every thing, save that wherein we can be gratified, cast our lot with the beast which goes down to the earth, and wallow, while we can—yea, even with our heaven-sprung souls—in the sensual delights of the brute! “Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.”

This is no fancy sketch of what *might* happen—of what men *might* say. Would that it were but some monstrous offspring of a sickly imagination! Such *was* the spirit which pervaded the ancient heathen world,—such *is* the spirit of modern heathen, whether in Christian or in Pagan lands. This seemed man’s inevitable doom, and the whole world—philosophers, priests and people—under this strangling oppression, were actually writhing in that last, fearful death struggle, which should be precursive of the subsidence of all effort, and of their lapse into the black gloom of despair. To this, witness Pliny, who lived in the age of the greatest refinement, and who wrote in the light of all the old schools of philosophy and of New Platonism. Giving his notion of human kind, and their prospects, he says, “a being full of contradictions, he is the most wretched of creatures; since the other creatures have no wants transcending the bounds of their nature, Man is full of desires and wants that reach to infinity, and can never be satisfied. His nature is a lie—uniting the greatest poverty with the greatest pride. Among these so great evils, the best thing God has bestowed on man is the power to take his own life.” Such is the testimony of an enlightened philosopher!

It was at this juncture,—when the whole race was rapidly gliding into the yawning mouth of that fearful abyss,—that

Omnipotence bared its arm, and wrested man from destruction. Omniscience had solved the problem, over which man's wisdom had tasked its powers in vain, and Infinite good-will now placed the solution within his reach. Viewing the Incarnation of the Son of God in this aspect merely,—though it is a subordinate one,—it was a new birth to man. "Old things were passed away, and all things had become new." That gloomy and impregnable dilemma was done away with, and man's happiness rendered possible. An ideal was presented to his mind, sublime beyond conception—nay, infinite in every attribute, in all beauty, in glorious majesty. With this ideal his mind is filled to its utmost capacity—his imagination may go forth and wander from one boundary of the limitless universe to the other, and still far, far above his wildest conceptions beyond this, extends unceasingly in unmeasured fullness, this sublime Ideal.

But man's happiness seems yet remote, for how can he attain to this Ideal? How can the impotent become strong? the imperfect, perfect? the finite soar to the infinite? He certainly cannot actually fulfil this Ideal; and yet his happiness is not possible without fulfilling it. The more exalted intellects of heathendom had some, though an obscure, apprehension of such an infinite, radiant and beatific Being, but at this point their speculation stopped; mere human power could go no further. They could not bring Him within the compass of the human mind. But what is "the way of God?" He instituted a connection—a vital union—between man and this Ideal. The nature of this union is at once expressed and comprehended in one word, FAITH. By virtue of this principle the man is made one with the Ideal. In thus becoming one with it—and in exact proportion as he becomes one with it—he realizes it. This connection is of Divine institution. Its life and power transcend the thought of man; its causes, extent and manner of working immeasurably exceed his comprehension. It is, moreover, no phantasm conjured up from Elysium by some transcendental theorist, but the most real of all realities. A signally impor-

tant consideration too, in this connection, is that this principle is the same in power and applicability to all who seek it—that it is not for philosopher, poet or sage, but for all who have human intellect—for every one in whom beats the great human heart. The unlearned, the rude, the savage, alike those incapable of forming even the most unworthy ideal, and those able to present themselves with forms of the utmost sublimity and perfection, here find, the first a worthy object, the last a more worthy object wherewith to occupy and delight their minds. But whence has man power to adopt this Ideal? Where is the power which shall bind around it and man's heart the common cord? Here we come to something entirely supramundane, and which it had not entered man's heart to conceive. This power inheres in the Ideal itself, and emanates thence—emanates in the very act of union, in fact, first establishes that union.

Man being now joined in life-union,—as we have seen he may be,—with this Ideal, what an exhaustless store of real happiness is placed within his reach! How infinitely does this Ideal surpass every form of his own construction! The imagination is filled more than to overflowing with the vision of unspeakable perfection, majesty and beauty. The lofty mind may here lawfully revel in the contemplation of grandeur and dignity, infinite, divine. Instead of the former phantom, here is a real, a living essence. Instead of a vain tasking of the powers, and gloomy discouragement, here is a power imparted, and, added to this, intense delight in its exercise. The ideal of man's conception is beautiful, perhaps, surpassingly so; but it is dead,—purely objective,—possessed of no power other than that of being gazed at and sighed after. This is living and possessed of infinite power, and this power, it breathes into all who are united to it. The ideal of man's conception could only goad on, without ever satisfying, his moral sense. This first imparts life to it, then stimulates and then most abundantly satisfies all its cravings. For Itself is "glorious in holiness." There can be no sense of disproportion here, for everything is not only

perfect, but infinitely so. There is no corroding sense of defect, or despair on coming short of this Ideal; for in him who is truly filled with its spirit, its perfection is felt to be his perfection,—its life to be his life,—its sublimity, his sublimity, while this sorrow and corroding sense of defect is swallowed up in view of the ineffable grandeur, majesty and completeness of this transcendently glorious and beautiful Form; and joy high, sublime, eternal, holy, fills the soul! The bonds of helplessness and despair are stricken off, while the spirit gazing upon its falling fetters, and elevated at last into its own empyrean, rises

“Blithe in the pride of the unwonted wing,
And the dull matter that confined before
Sinks downward, downward, downward, as a dream.”

Thus was given to man, first, an object worthy of all his desires and exertions—supremely beautiful, good and true; secondly, a double power,—that of vision: to see these qualities as combined and harmonizing in this great Ideal, this resulting from the radiance of His splendor reflected upon the soul, and illuminating it,—and that whereby the union became vital; thirdly, to crown all, and which could not be conferred without the fulfillment of these previous conditions—happiness full and overflowing. This is the Ideal furnished the creature by the Creator. In its fulfilment, not only can life subserve its proper ends,—but thus alone is it at once earnest, practical and sublime. On this condition, and on this alone, can the soul be affirmed to be—what it ever should be—a ray of the great central Glory; at once the development of the power and the product of the all-glorious One. To sum up all—while in fashioning his life after his own ideals, man in action gives expression only to his own limited, gross, earthly conceptions, and can reach only a corresponding degree of happiness, as we have seen; in following out, by its own imparted light and power, this divine, this infinite Ideal—with solemn awe be it spoken—

he embodies the thoughts of God, and becomes a partaker of His eternal, inexpressible felicity. Thus, in the person of Christ, was restored to man the lost image of God.

TRUE LIFE.

Deceived, who deems it end of hope,
To grasp the keys of human power ;—
An Anak sceptered for an hour,
To narrow to a lesser scope,—

To wield the lightnings of the age ;
To thunder destiny from thrones ;
To wake the world with tempest-tones
Of battle, stalking forth in rage,

From Stygian lairs, to rock the earth
With discord, heard by mount and plain ;
To paint the pulses of the main
With blood that robs a weeping hearth ;

To be a sword hung o'er mankind,
To make them shrink and writhe in dread ;
Or be a nation's fountain-head
Of streams through after years to wind ;

Who, stooping in the sands of time,
Would finger lines where men should crawl,
Himself to type and fashion all ;
His words to ring from clime to clime ;

Who, thralling the great hearted world,
Would chain it bleeding to the rock,
Deep riven with the scath and shock
Of bolted malice, demon-buried ;

Himself the vulture, feeding deep
Upon the never-dying heart,
Till one of Might from heaven shall start
And cast him headlong from his steep.

There is, in friendship's slender thread,
More force than in forge-molten chains ;
It knitteth man to God, and gains
A sweet remembrance from the dead.

To watch the ages circle round,
In mazy wheel, the Eternal Throne ;
Soothed, in the arbute's shady zone,
With nature's lullaby of sound ;

Bound to thy race by closest kin,
To bloom to manhood's perfect span ;
To find a heart in every man :—
A plain philosophy within,—

A simple soul, not over-great,
Throbbing with charity and love ;
A simple creed ; a hope above,
Unmarred by straining pride or bate ;

Were better than that every wind
Should roll thy fame on waves of fire ;
Than heir the realms of kingliest sire,
Or away the girth from Iod to Iod.

POE AS A CRITIC.

IN no respect, as it seems to us, have the moderns more surpassed the ancients, than in criticism. Demosthenes and Homer may dispute the palm in oratory and poetry with Burke and Milton. It will be long, we think, before the birds come to

peck at the grapes of a modern Zeuxis, or the eye of a Zeuxis be deceived by the curtain of a modern Parrhasius. The same is the case in nearly all works of the taste and imagination. These, being faculties of rapid growth, soon attain their full development. But in all the departments of learning where deep, logical reasoning is required, the ancients must allow us the superiority. We fear that Plato himself would not compare very favorably with any one of a score of the most eminent of modern philosophers; neither would the works of Dionysius and Longinus, if published now for the first time, rank higher than those of our third rate Critics. Nor do we say this to the disparagement of the eminent abilities of the ancients. Far otherwise. They were the pioneers of mind; and it would be unreasonable indeed, to expect them to have pushed their discoveries as far as we have done, who possess to start with the collected wisdom of twenty centuries. Besides, in those days the field in which the critic could exercise his powers was very narrow. Speech was then the great mode of communication between mind and mind, and hence the material in the form of books which the Critic had to work upon was exceedingly scanty. It is therefore not wonderful that criticism flourished, no more than it did, among the ancients. We could not expect periodical reviews to be established, when the names of all the great authors that ever lived could be counted on the ends of the fingers.

But in these times, when the prophecy is fulfilled that "of making many books there is no end," of course, wide scope is given the critic for the display of his abilities. Nor can any one deny that he now occupies an exalted station, and wields a mighty influence. Upon his fidelity to the trust reposed in him, depends in great measure the purity of the press, and the exposure of pernicious error. His power also, is commensurate with the work he has to do. Their imperial majesties of the great European Reviews rule in the realm of letters with a sway scarcely less absolute than that of the Czar over the Russians, or the Sultan over the Turks. A favorable notice of a

book in their columns will sell an edition of it in a day: a withering sarcasm or contemptuous sneer, blasts in a moment all the bright hopes of many an aspiring author who has toiled on his work day and night for years.

Of course an engine of such tremendous power is often used for evil. The critic instead of remaining true to his duty—instead of giving praise and censure where each is due, frequently degenerates into the mere faultfinder. Such, radically, misconceive the aim of their art. Those, who are keensighted as an eagle to the faults of a work, but blind as a bat to its excellencies, have no claim to the noble title of critic or judge. The most brilliant genius or extensive learning is no defence against their malignant attacks. These are they who tear down but build nothing up. Such remind us of a troop of Vandals who invade the realms of refinement, and destroy precious workmanship of whose value they are ignorant; who tear from their pedestals the statues of Phidias, and hurl into the flames the paintings of Apelles.

But because criticism is abused, that is no reason why it should not in itself be good. We do not condemn logic as intrinsically bad, although it furnishes the sophist with means to defend systems of error. So whenever criticism is made to advance the wrong and hinder the right, it is perverted from its legitimate uses. Moreover it is a fact everywhere, that the power of a critic is in exact proportion to the equity with which he uses it. Nobody heeds the snarls of the captious Reviewer. It is he who has established a character for ability, candor, and impartiality, whose opinion is received as true. All the malignant critics who beset Goldsmith in his upward course, could not withhold the chaplet of fame, when Johnson decreed him worthy to wear it.

And the true critic, who is able to rise superior to personal and party prejudice, and in the consideration of any subject to view it in all its length and breadth; who will never deliver unjust judgment thereupon, or cloak his true sentiments, but

give "thoughts words, and words truth, and truth boldness;" must, and will, always exert a commanding influence, and exert it only for good. In the light of these observations, let us consider Poe's merits as a critic.

Upon this question we think there can be no debate. His views of the art were radically deficient. In the age of broad and enlightened criticism, in the age of Jeffrey and Carlyle, he maintained, with a narrowness of mind perfectly astonishing, that the sole duty of the critic was to point out faults. He was fond of telling the story of Zoilus and Apollo. How that Zoilus once presented Apollo with a very caustic criticism on a very valuable work. Whereupon the God asked him for the beauties of the book. Zoilus replied that he only busied himself about the errors. On hearing this Apollo handing him a sack of unwinnowed wheat, bade him pick out all the chaff for his reward. Poe upon telling this story is always careful to record his opinion against the God. Indeed it is easy to see that in a carping, envious, and captious spirit, he is a lineal descendant of the infamous Homeromastix.

In trivial errors, which a high-minded critic would disdain to notice, Poe revels exultant. He is in clover, when he lights upon an author full of bombast and mixed Metaphors. We do not deny but that now and then a literary pretender should be hung "*in terrorem*." On the contrary we applaud Poe for showing up, in such splendid style, the rant of Headley and the nonsense of the younger Channing. Literature must be purged of such foulness at all hazards, and we bid the man, who in any degree assists in its purification, God-speed. But we do tire of those petty skirmishings with a subject; of perpetual titlings of "mint, anise, and cummin;" of superficiality unvaried by a single attempt to get below the surface of things, in which Poe so much abounds. We long for a stout grappling and deep sympathy with a subject; for some of that serious earnestness which we find in Carlyle; for at least a spark of that electrical enthusiasm which beams from every page of Macaulay. But for

this we search Poe's critical writings in vain. He considers his work done when he has pointed out the inaccuracies of style, and the plagiarisms of an author. In these respects he performs his duty admirably. He has an especial horror of the sin of plagiarism, and charges it upon authors, sometimes justly, but more frequently without the slightest show of reason. The least similarity between two articles, either in conception, sentiment, or mode of treatment, was to him a demonstration that one of them had been plagiarized. As would naturally be expected, in case of his own writings his perceptions were even preternaturally quickened. There were very few of his cotemporaries whom he did not charge with stealing from himself in one form or another. Of course it is the easiest thing in the world to accuse an author of plagiarism, because some of his thoughts are identical with those of another man. Poe acts upon this principle, and if he can adduce half-a dozen points of similarity between two articles, immediately pronounces the author of the one last published a thief. Poe should have remembered that his own weapons might be turned against himself. For instance, we might undertake to show that he plagiarised his prize tale of "MS. found in a Bottle," from a no less celebrated production of genius than Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." The charge too, as it seems to us, can be made out far more satisfactorily than he, in a great majority of cases, establishes his own accusations.

Suppose we examine the matter a little, somewhat after Poe's fashion, but, if we can, with rather more fairness and less spite than he generally exhibits.

At the outset a remarkable *dissimilarity* presents itself. The "MS. found in a Bottle" is prose, while the "Ancient Mariner" is poetry. But this, instead of clearing Poe of the charge, only affords greater presumption of his guilt. For the Plagiarist would naturally reason somewhat thus. "Here is a poem which on account of its surpassing beauty and sublimity, is familiar to all classes of readers. If I too write my tale, the main incidents of which are the same with those of the poem, in verse,

the similarity will immediately be perceived, and I shall be exposed as a thief. But if I narrate my tale in prose, the utter *dissimilarity* between it and poetry will conceal the *similarity* of conception and incident, and thus my theft will be undetected."

Having thus seen that what appears at first sight to be positive proof of Poe's innocence, is only a precaution which any quick-witted plagiarist would use to conceal his crime, we proceed to consider a few of the identities in the productions under examination.

First, in each case the *subject* is the same, a *voyage*—and the voyage, too, is in the same *direction*. In each case a terrible storm arises and drives them on and on, even to the regions of the South pole. The vessel of the ancient mariner at length gets clear of the ice, and sails northward.

At the Equator in the midst of a dreadful calm, a supernatural ship appears, sailing along without wind or tide, but disappears after that the ancient mariner has heard the awful fate which is in store for his crew. A like supernatural vessel is introduced under different circumstances into Poe's tale. She is first seen in the midst of the tempest, with all sails set, on the top of a mountainous wave, directly over Poe's ship which lies in the trough of the sea. The stranger falls from her giddy elevation directly across the bow of Poe's vessel, and throws him, who at the time was standing in the stern, by the force of the concussion into her rigging.

He is much impressed by the unearthly character of the crew. They move about silently, mechanically, like creatures of another world.

This is the finest part of Poe's Tale. But where did he get it? Evidently from that magnificent passage of the "Ancient Mariner," where the *corpses are inspired with life* and begin to sail the ship,—

"The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools
—We were a ghastly crew.

Poe's vessel is carried along by some powerful hidden influence *from beneath*. Here we have it in the Ancient Mariner ;

"Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath."

In the one case, to be sure, the vessel is moving with tremendous velocity—in the other "*slowly*." But this makes no material difference. The source of power is the same in each instance—the *mystery*. A little further on, too, in the poem we have the same supernatural *speed*, where

"The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind."

Soon comes the final catastrophe. In each case the vessel sinks with an awful noise.

Now we have not pointed out these similarities between the "MS. found in a Bottle" and the "Ancient Mariner," to prove Poe a plagiarist in the ordinary sense of the term. Far from it. Doubtless he derived the idea of his Tale from the Poem. The subject and sources of power are the same in each. This is all right enough. There are few men in this advanced age of the world, who can produce a perfectly original work of any kind. All our ideas are borrowed in a degree more or less remote. The originality so much talked about, consists in presenting these old ideas, in new forms—in making novel *combinations*. Poe has accomplished this end. He took the idea of his Tale from Coleridge. He followed him very closely 'tis true in many respects, but nevertheless introduced a sufficient number of new elements and variations, to entitle him among all reasonable men, to the credit of having produced an *original* composition.

But *we have* adduced this example, to show how easily any one, who possessed enough meanness of soul to do it, could have made out a plagiarism against Poe according to *his* acceptance of that term. For doubtless, in the sense in which he uses the word, the "MS. found in a Bottle" is a plagiarism, and, as we said before, a much more unmistakeable one than many which

he endeavors to establish against other authors. The fact is, and this perpetual charge of plagiarism is a manifestation of it, that Poe possessed in an eminent degree a spirit of envy and detraction. He shows this disposition, not only in his criticisms upon cotemporaneous authors, but also when treating of those who have long been in their graves, and whom mankind by general consent have pronounced to be the chiefs and princes of letters. For example, he attacks, in his peculiar manner, the two authors who according to Macaulay, were the only Englishmen of great creative minds, during the latter half of the seventeenth century. One of these composed that work which is found in every library where the Bible has a place, and which next to that blessed book best describes the temptations and conflicts of the Christian life.

The Pilgrim's Progress tells the experience of every man who having passed from the kingdom of darkness into the marvellous light of the Gospel, has finally attained in heaven to the full fruition of those joys of which some slight foretaste is given on earth. Every such one has reached the end of his journey by the same path which the good Christian trod. He has toiled through the slough of Despond; he has trembled amid the thunders and lightnings of Sinai; he has felt, with unspeakable joy, his grievous burden falling from him before the blessed cross; he has been imprisoned in the Dungeons of Giant Despair; he has fought with those malignant fiends and passed through those sore trials which bring the soul well nigh to death; and finally having been sustained amid death's angry waters by an Almighty power, he has, after the last of earth's struggles are over, been escorted by a bright company of the heavenly host to the sound of angelic minstrelsy up through the gates of the eternal city.

But this wonderful book, wonderful if regarded as the offspring of any mind, but ten fold more so when considered as the production of an illiterate tinker, Poe pronounces "a ludicrously overrated book which owes its seeming popularity to

one or two of those accidents in critical literature which by the critical are sufficiently well understood." What these "one or two accidents" are, he very wisely abstains from mentioning.

The other of the two Authors was the man who surpassed all of his cotemporaries in genius no more than he did in enlarged patriotism and purity of private life; who in the rage of political factions and the strife of religious sects, ever enlisted himself on the side of civil liberty and undefiled religion.

Poe is even harder upon Milton than Bunyan. This is not surprising, for though it is generally the case that they who abuse a poor tinker will do obeisance to the profoundest statesman of his age, yet, on the contrary, the higher a man's station the greater is Poe's delight to draw and quarter him. He loved,

"A shining mark, a signal blow;"

and we were therefore prepared to find him after his depreciatory remarks upon the "*Paradise Lost*" in his critique upon Miss Barrett, declare that the world was vastly deceived in thinking Shakespeare a great genius; but somehow the renowned dramatist has escaped unscathed.

There are multitudes of faults in Poe's critical writings which we have neither the space nor the inclination to notice. It is unpleasant to be continually pointing out blemishes in a work, with very few excellencies to counterbalance them. It would have been better for Poe's reputation if he had never penned a single criticism. His sole title to fame rests upon his tales and poetry. Upon these, genius has set its unmistakable seal: mean and trivial criticisms are unworthy of the author of "*The Raven*," and "*The fall of the house of Usher*."

INCOG.

THE MOSAIC COSMOGONY.

"Sanctiusque ac reverentius visum de actis deorum credere quam scire" wrote the historian Tacitus. Whether the learned Latin meant to intimate that such was the belief and reason why the Germans had not quitted their own country to make discoveries, or whether he meant it as a satire and rebuke, upon the bold spirit which the Romans, of his time, had manifested in the march of discovery, we leave more learned heads than ours to decide. Certain it is that it has always been a sort of image which other than heathens have conjured up to frighten off any new attempts in science and letters. De Quincey himself, the great oracle of modern literature, has declared that "there never yet was profound philosophy which did not inosculate at many points with profound religion." The heathen has been bold and fearless in his declaration while the Christian has been more guarded in his language. Had the latter said that there never yet was in knowledge scientific or mechanical any great truth which was in direct antagonism to the Holy Scriptures he would have given the more general opinion of the Christian world. As it is his admirers, like the applicants at Delphi who stood trembling on the outer porch of the temple, hopeful and yet fearful as the priestess delivered the reply of the god, have turned their steps homeward, confiding implicitly in the truth of the response. We advert to this opinion merely as a means by which to show the difficulties with which any new science has to combat. Geology professing as it does to inquire into the truth of the Bible, seeming as it were to test the reality of the Mosaic cosmogony had a more terrible task than Sisyphus when it attempted to unveil the acts of the Omnipotent. Its primary principles were attacked with virulence, its class of phenomena was disputed inch by inch, and even when fully established, was thrown down by the cry of antagonism to Holy Writ, and like the stone in the alle-

gory went thundering down to their former position. As more light was thrown upon the subject, the most antagonistic of its reasonings were eschewed and the science again toiled on in its pilgrimage to the summit of the hill. Time after time has this stone of massive bulk been rolled up to the summit and time after time, as the night of bigotry and intolerance drew on, has it returned whence it came. Until now, with the aid of some of the strongest minds of our age, it is again on its upward course, whether to be again thrown back, time alone will show. Nor is this jealousy of the beliefs of Christianity in any way wrong. Let Religion ever be thus argus-eyed, quick to perceive its antagonists and ready armed to vanquish them. But on the other hand let it never be willing to be duped by outward appearances, let it always look well into the matter and if the coin is spurious, to use Mackey's expression, "nail it down."

The principle of Geology which has *seemed* to oppose Christianity is the cardinal one which determines the length of time consumed in creation, and the age of the world. To reconcile these differences many pacificators have appeared, among whom is one whom we may well style the great Mediator, whose name has been enrolled in the annals of the past year among its mighty dead. From the dingy smoke of the metropolis of Scotland his spirit, unbidden by its maker, took its flight. Truly a mournful and sad end for one of whom Dr. Chalmers has said that "since Scott's death he was the greatest Scotchman that was left" and whom all Christendom will join in styling the GREAT MEDIATOR between science and religion. May the hearth of the Grange lie gently on his manly breast, and Heaven grant that the Saviour's prayer, in the widow's mouth, "Father forgive him for he knows not what he does" may be heard and granted by the Creator of all things. May the ashes of poor Miller rest in peace!

In his "testimony of the Rocks" he has contended with much justice that there were only three of the Scriptural days for which the Geologist had to account. We may as well say a

few words here on the use of the word day, wherein we think that all the difficulty will be found. The word as used in the Scriptures is not to be regarded as referring to a duration of twenty four hours. The use of the word "day," in our own language, in the sense of an undetermined period is often met with, an example of which will be best seen in the use of the word in reference to the duration of light at the poles, while in the Hebrew *æon*,* we find a still more indefinite signification comprehending almost any period of time. This fact is of itself sufficient to show the justice of the geologist's views. Others have contended that Moses had no idea of the Solar day, while a great deal of stress has been laid upon the fact, that, in God's revelation to the Israelite, the processes of creation must have passed before his mind in rapid succession, crowding into the space of a day the work of an age. We have preferred however to base our argument upon the broad signification of the Hebrew term, rather than upon either of the last named suggestions, since they could be met by the declaration that it is obvious that Moses, as God's messenger and interpreter, must have known the exact time consumed in the creation. In spite of the evidences in geology, and the philological arguments, many firm and true believers in geology, among whom is Dr. Chalmers, have obstinately pursued what is known as the "twenty four hours hypothesis."

To return to the creation we find that the history of the three days is recorded in the earth's crust in a manner which will not admit of doubt. The phenomena of geology are as manifest as those of any science can be made. The Bible gives us an account of the springing up of herbage and forests, and accordingly the Palæontologist finds the traces of great roots, ferns, the very culmination of vegetation being embodied in the great coniferous trees which shot up to the sky with a height of a hundred feet, the chief of which we recognize in the mammoth *sigillaria*

* For a full discussion of the word see Prof. Lewis' "*Six days of Creation*."

of the carboniferous period. These mighty monarchs of the forest have undergone a transformation more wonderful than the wand of fabulous magician or charmed ring of genii could have affected, a change more wonderful than any that has yet been seen in the great kaleidoscope, the world. Their massive trunks, fluted like the Grecian Doric, have been transformed to a glossy ebon hue, and even now as one looks upon the scene in one of the coal mines of our own country he cannot but stand transfixed in silent contemplation of the beautiful. The pale soft light of the miner's lamp as it falls upon the giant arches glistening like waves of diamonds, the massive columns of the conifers, the darkened vistas alive with brilliancy, grottos of ebon hue resplendent as if studded with gems, the musical clink of the chisel the hammer and the pick, and the dusky faces of the miners groping in semi-darkness and barely visible in the light of the lamp, or perchance revealed by a straggling beam of day from above, all combine to form an Alhambra which would take the pen of an Irving or the pencil of an Angelo to portray,—a sort of palace which would seem to be a fit residence for the God of Hades, the dark Pluto ; a transformation which none but God could effect. These are the traces of the first day of the Geologist, and every fragment of coal which is heaped upon our household fires in a silent witness of the record.

Again says the Mosaic record "Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creation that hath life, and fowl that may fly above the earth in the open firmament of heaven." The leaves of the Geologic record are again unfolded and the varieties of fishes are laid before us, from the very smallest which are visible in the Alleghanies of our own country, in the great "Pillars of Hercules," and the coral islands of the Pacific, up to the leviathan and whale found in various parts of the world, of which we have unmistakeable proofs and organic remains. Again in the transition from the Molluscs to the Vertebrates, we see the palpable remains of the *plesiosaurus dolechodemius* and *pterodactylus crassirostris*, reptiles which seem to realize the idea

of the dragon and give truth to the thousand tales which in childhood we listened to with an interest akin to veneration. The dragon of St. George is a creature of but moderate dimensions when compared with the reptiles of the Oolitic period, and the Pythons of old, or the sea serpents of our modern sailors, sink into obscurity in comparison with the remains found in the Lias formation. Indeed the whole age is replete with the new forms of fishes, forming a sort of store house from which the zoologist can ever draw supplies to swell the multitude of his classes.

The third and last day to be accounted for is that which is described in Genesis as the one in which "God said, let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle and creeping thing, and beast of the earth after his kind; and it was so." The imagination is here at a loss to comprehend the number, size, and appearance of the higher forms of animal life. The *Megatherium* and *Dinotherium* stand out as representatives of the class, possessing the formidable weapons for defense, the ferocious nature and the awful and stupendous strength which seem to be the embodiment of all animal strength. We cannot delay to describe the individual creatures of this day but haste on to a conclusion.

Having seen the accordance with scripture which geology has presented, not only in the different periods of the creation, but in the very order of the successive events, we can safely say that geology in all probability will become the foremost of the sciences. To him that has followed us through this short sketch, it will be evident, we trust, that instead of being antagonistic to scriptural authority, geology must eventually become the great support of that authority. Let us again turn to our opening quotation, and to reiterate what we there stated. That Christianity should be jealous of its doctrines we have admitted, but have contended that a science should be well understood before we pronounce it antagonistic to true religion. A more lamentable example of the effects of a wrong judgment cannot be

shown than that of the science we have had under consideration. Geology has been retarded just fifty years in its growth.

Let us not then react the part of Fonseca towards Columbus, who, when assured by the enthusiastic discoverer that there must be antipodes, ominously replied that men had lost the benefit of the Sacrament and had been lashed to the stake for less "heresies" than these, but emulating the spirit of a Chalmers, use his words and declare that "it is unmanly to blink at the approach of light, from whatever quarter it may approach us ; and they are not the best friends of Christianity who feel either dislike or alarm when the torch of science is held up to the Bible. No fear need arise when an intrepid if it be only a sound philosophy scrutinizes however closely its pages. Whatever story the geologist may find graven on the volume of nature will only, when properly studied, more accredit that which is recorded in the volume of revelation."

J.

WITH WHOM SHOULD WE SYMPATHIZE?

The contest which is now being waged in India has probably few, if any, parallels, both as regards its nature, and the wonderful results which must ensue, either to the spread of European civilization, or the brief triumphs of semi-barbaric institutions. History can undoubtedly present parallels, so far as it records the struggles of barbarian hordes against the armies of Christendom, and the insurrection of subjugated races against the sway of their conquerors. But this contest is dissimilar from any of these in its nature, dating it from the first ship that the East India Company sent over the Eastern seas, through the long and eventful struggle for dominion between the native and British powers, down to the late revolt. Where can we find a

story analogous to that which relates how the "cold dwellers of a little isle lying under the Arctic circle" became in a few years the rulers of a vast empire, in the tropics, teeming with an immense population, antagonistic in their polity, customs and religion. How marvellous seems the story, as we read it, how a little company of merchant traders receiving a charter empowering them to trade with the natives of Hindoostan, have rendered that vast empire subservient to their edicts issued from a London Counting house. How they were first content with selling the hardware of Birmingham, and the linens of Manchester—then, under guise of protection against an opposition company of the French, receiving permission to build forts ; how through long years, while filling their coffers and expanding their trade, they were quietly increasing their power ; by intrigue and bribery dividing the princes and kings—then stepping in and seizing the power from both ; so on in their wondrous advance to dominion until it was consummated by the craft of Clive, and the generalship of Hastings. From that time to this, the East India Company has been unceasingly increasing its dominion, until it has stretched from "Cape Comorin to the Himalayahs."

The British rule in India has been based upon such a seemingly firm foundation—the legitimate sovereigns, even the degenerate descendant of the Great Mogul himself, so satisfied with the mere shadow of royalty—the Mahratta and the Mussulman so submissive under the yoke of the invaders from beyond the seas, that those few who prophecied a rebellion at some future time were contemned as croakers and absurd foreboders of evil. But alas how terribly the reality has verified the truth of their prophecies ! While everything in India seemed as placid as its own sky, suddenly an insurrection takes place, which although first derided as of merely an ephemeral character, has at last risen into the dignity of a national revolt—yea, more than a revolt—a struggle for national freedom ! So it must be considered, though it is by a degraded race against one which claims to be the destined ruler of the world.

We now behold that Eastern Empire of England, upon which so much toil, treasures, and lives have been spent, broken into fragments. Strong as it once was, it is weaker than the ancient Hindoo dynasty after the Saracenic invasion. The day of England's vision of Oriental dominion, when like the old Roman it should stretch from the "Indus to the Ocean, from the palm tree to the pine" is postponed—perhaps for ever. The *prestige* of invincibility, that has hitherto attached to the British arms, is broken. The Anglo Saxon may, however, again conquer the Indian, and thus prove the inherent superiority of the Northern race. Upon the present *débâcle* of the several dependencies he may re-erect his power. But will the results compensate for the lives sacrificed, and the treasure expended in the effort? How soon may not the superstructure again become a mass of ruins?

We will not discuss the many questions involved in this subject. There is one that is nevertheless deserving of our attention and which has been much discussed. It is this—"With whom should we sympathize? There are, we conceive, two kinds of sympathy involved in this question. The first relates to the personal tortures received by the English in India. The other refers to the national woes of Hindoostan considered as she is now—a dependency of England, with what she once was, independent, with a national individuality of her own, which she had a right to possess, no matter whether her people were barbaric or civilized, Christian or Pagan.

It is natural and proper that we should sympathize with the unfortunate victims of the late revolt. We would be less than human if we did not. We will admit that never has the demonism of man been displayed to a more revolting degree. Moreover, not in all the records of the past are there to be found sublimer deeds of heroism than those displayed by the English in India—alike by officer and civilian, matron and maiden. Thus far our sympathy is just—thus far it goes. It is simply a commiseration for personal sufferings.

Let us now look at it in the other aspect—in a national relation. With whom should we sympathize? "With England of course," exclaims the enthusiastic disciple of that doctrine of the age, which is known as "Manifest Destiny." "Is not her cause, the cause of civilization and progress? Behold the degradation of the Indian empire under her own rulers, dissevered into almost countless petty kingdoms. Will not England give to her a strong and stable government? Will not justice be dispensed by the good old common law of England? Will not, in fine, a degenerate race be changed by Anglo-Saxon energy into a civilized people?"

With whom should we sympathize? "What," observes many a well meaning Christian, "can there be a doubt with whom we should sympathize, between such a nation a England, 'the most christian nation upon the face of the earth,' and a people who are divided into the believers of Brahmanism, and the disciples of Mohammed."

This is the style of argument. We freely concede that if these are true premises—that the objects of England have been and are now the spread of civilization, and the triumphs of the faith, and that the instruments used in these achievements have been those of peace, and not the weapons of war, then we should sympathize heartily with England. But what are the facts? Have her objects been the spread of these twin agencies of national elevation, for their own intrinsic sakes? How has she attempted to spread this boasted civilization? We all know that the East India Company was formed for no such purpose, but for the acquisition of wealth, which in itself is perfectly laudable, if the means used in its attainment are just. The lust for wealth then expanded into a covetousness for even the empire of the Indies. The fact is historical how this was also achieved by the rankest fraud, the vilest injustice, and attended with as terrible atrocities to the dusky native, as those lately inflicted upon the pale faced invader. In the realization of the desire, kingdoms were overrun by the armies of the company, kings

and princes deposed from their sovereignties, which they held by as legitimate right as any monarch in Christendom—palaces robbed of their treasures—temples, holy to the natives, desecrated—almost every province, from the isle of Ceylon to Lahore, sequestered. This is, undoubtedly, the spread of this boasted civilization, and the means by which almost all its triumphs have been won. Hundreds of unfortunate Englishmen and women have been massacred by the infuriated people of India within the last few months. But how many thousands of the natives of that land were butchered by the armies of Clive, Hastings, Wellesley, and the other great captains of the Company. The former fell while attempting to rivet more firmly the chains of English dominion upon India. The latter while attempting to break them. If the above have been the means by which Anglo-Saxon civilization has been spread over that land, should we not rejoice at its victories? Certainly, provided we believe in the Jesuitical maxim that "the end justifies the means."

In the second place, has the aim of the East India Company been the christianizing of heathen races. It is true that many missionaries are to be found in India—self-sacrificing, holy and sincere men, whose great and only object has been the preaching of the Gospel of Jesus Christ to the worshippers of Brahma and the disciples of Mohammed. But these are not the representatives of England. They are the ambassadors of the Church. They have never worked under the auspices of the government, but on the other hand, obstacles of every form have been thrown in their way. They have been considered as interlopers and fanatics. Whatever triumphs they have achieved, and they are many, to them belong the rewards. The government has no right to arrogate them.

Is it possible to spread Christianity, to promulgate its divine precepts, to teach its doctrines, by the mouth of the cannon—to practice it by conquest, pillage and desecration. Certainly not. The faith which has its basis in revelation, and the precepts of the Redeemer, cannot be taught by the sword, or by

such instrumentalities. Look at what has been the course of this "Christian nation," and then consider how ridiculous it is to claim that our sympathy should be with her for this reason. The faith which sanctions the holding the sword in the right hand, and the Bible in the left, is a very singular religion, to say the least. The conversion of nations in the present age ought to be by a method different from that pursued in the days of the Crusades, when the knight who sabred the most infidels, and acquired the most plunder, was accounted the fittest disciple of the "meek and lowly," Saviour; and most certain, as he was thought the most deserving, of present and future rewards.

——— "True religion
Is always, mild, propitious, humble,
Plays not the tyrant, plants no faith in blood;
Nor bears destruction on her chariot wheels;
But stoops to polish, succor, and redress,
And builds her grandeur on the public good."

It is the height of hypocrisy for a nation that is conquering an unoffending people, robbing them of their possessions, and "whose bayonet, for the last century, has not ceased to drip with Indian blood," to demand the sympathy of the Christian world upon the ground that its grand object is the spread of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

For these reasons we do not think that we are bound to sympathize with England, beyond the personal sufferings of her sons and daughters. And even they, with the exception of a few worthy missionaries, met only with the doom of the oppressor.

Each hitherto submissive native became an avenging Nemesis to the invaders of his land. Each burning bungalow and Christian chapel a recompense for every sacked palace and desecrated temple of his fathers—the death shriek of every officer, and the agonies of every blue-eyed Feringhee-maiden, suffering under the outrages of his companions, music to his ears, filling his soul with the faint stirrings of freedom. In his frenzy the "pale shadows" of his ancestors seemed to lead him on to re-

venge. Awful has been the revenge—awful the judgment upon the invader. Will he learn the lesson taught therein, that “he who takes the sword, shall perish with the sword?” England in her attempts to spread civilization, has worshipped too long at the altars of Moloch and Ashtoroth. Is she satisfied with the reward?

There is a new era being ushered in, wherein the victories of peace shall be accounted mightier than those won at the cannon’s mouth—greater than any she has heretofore won; victories over the “pestilent swamp, the forest, the prairie and mine, leaving no havoc in their track”—the true victories of civilization and Christianity. The recompense, not in insurrection, attended with bloodshed and woe, but love and brotherhood among mankind. Let her be satisfied with these triumphs, and then she will have a right to be called the most civilized and the “most Christian government upon the face of the earth,”—

“A mark to guide the nations on
Like a tall watch tower flashing o’er the deep.”

O.

GOOD NIGHT! GOOD NIGHT!

The wind has lulled,—nought but a gentle breeze,
Blows withered leaves from off the lofty trees;
The moon, night queen, sails through the evening sky,
And sheds her beams o’er all the vault on high;
The twinkling gems which deck the broad expanse,
While mortals sleep, keep nightly vigilance.

The clock strikes ten! no longer now delay,
But from a world of care, away! away!
Good night!

Good night !

God have thee in his good keeping,

Angels guard thee whilst thou'rt sleeping,

And fill thy dreams with visions bright :

Good night ! Good night !

Good night !

Soft be thy slumbers till the dawn ;

Let every care be now withdrawn,

And constant peace thy heart delight :

Good night ! Good night !

Good night !

Freed from care and every sorrow,

Let fancy paint, till the morrow,

Loved forms arrayed in colors bright :

Good night ! Good night !

If pe'er on earth thou 'wake—oh may the light,

Of an eternal morn, illumine thy sight :

Good night ! Good night !

LADY MACBETH.

A distinguished female writer has ably remarked that " Characters in history move before us like a procession of figures in *basso relievo* ; we see one side only, that which the artist chose to exhibit to us ; the rest is sunk in the block ; the same characters in Shakspeare are like the statues *cut out of the block*, fashioned, finished, tangible in every part ; we may consider them under every aspect, we may examine them on every side." If this is so in regard to any of his characters, it is eminently true of Lady Macbeth. We know from history, that she was the grand-daughter of Kenneth the Fourth, the wife of Macbeth,

and Queen Consort of Scotland from the year 1039 to 1056. Yet what does this knowledge avail us? Does it ever assist us in studying her character? The sternly magnificent creation of the poet is the only ideal type we ever form of her; her historic shadow is cast in the back ground by the powerful light of Shakspeare's genius. We know her, not as Gryoch the Queen, but as Lady Macbeth; as such is she ever present to the mind; as such she lives, she reigns, she rules. The poetic conception is entirely distinct from, and independent of the aids of history. But we must not for a moment suppose that Shakspeare omitted or slurred over the received and acknowledged truths of history—far from it—the reverence with which he observed them, and the accuracy with which he treated them, are admirable.

He did not steal the solid coin from the treasury of history, and having stamped it with a new impression, and written on it a new inscription, attempt to pass it as current; he took the precious metal reverently from the hands of Clio, he rubbed off the rust, polished and brightened it, so that even history has been known to receive it back as sterling.

No! the tragedies of Shakspeare are indebted for much of their power to the influence of Truth. Tragedy stands before the altars of Truth, touching them gently, yet firmly with her hand; and if her features are sometimes veiled in sorrow or distorted with revenge, her words still reveal the Votress of Truth, the ministering Priestess of her temple.

The opening scene in Macbeth, where the witches meet upon the open heath, amidst the outpouring of the elements and the convulsions of nature, indicate the awful future of the play. A gloomy atmosphere of more than ordinary darkness hangs over the actors; we are surrounded with a foreshadowing horror in the presage,

"Fair is foul, and foul is fair."

Lady Macbeth does not appear until the fifth scene, when she enters reading a letter from Macbeth, in which, even at

this early stage, we see the dependence which her husband places in her. He has 'ere this had thoughts of violently seizing upon the promised "golden round," and, at the earliest opportunity, confides to her the prediction, that she may not be ignorant of her future greatness. In the following soliloquy we catch a glimpse of that superiority which a powerful intellect has over a weaker one. In that skillful analysis of her husband's character she speaks in contempt of those high moral principles which ought to incite man to the attainments of a noble ambition. She rather regards them as hindrances to the fulfillment of the prophecy than as incentives to its honorable accomplishment. She deplores his nature being "full of the milk of human kindness," scornfully says,—

"Thou would'st be great ;
Art not without ambition : but without
The illness should attend it. What thou would'st highly
That would'st thou holily ; would'st not play false
And yet would'st wrongly win,"

and concludes by wishing him to hie to her, that she might pour her spirits in his ear, and spur him on with the valor of her tongue, conscious of the influence of her mind to arouse his slumbering passions and stimulate his ambitious hopes.

As the play proceeds, the lurid veil omenous of its tragical ending, clears little by little ; the dark and horrible shadows of coming events are cast before, and we begin to have a glimpse of that dreadful deed by which, and by which alone, Macbeth is to be seated on a bloody throne. The deed is already planned : all that is now needed is its consummation. Lady Macbeth, fearful lest her own determinate purpose should be thwarted by the weakness of her will, terrible though as it is, invokes the spirits of the air to unsex her

"That no compunctious visitings of nature"
may shake her fell design. Steadfast as is her resolve, indomitable as is her will, she yet feels that the deed which is to be wrought, is so terrifically wicked, that her humanity must sink under it, unless the powers of darkness assist her. And

here she shows the only sign of womanly feeling, save one, until Duncan is so treacherously murdered. She feels that she is still a woman, a being calculated to soothe and cheer man in hours of adversity, rather than to lead him on to a deed of more than nightly horror ; she fears that her womanhood will still call up some gentle thought, some soft emotion, which may prevent the accomplishment of evil ; and therefore she wishes to be unsexed, and to have the remnants of pity, which may yet linger, rooted from her breast.

Macbeth enters, bringing the news that Duncan will pass the night at his castle. In the dialogue which ensues, we have an insight into the characters of both husband and wife—Macbeth's indecision, and Lady Macbeth's power over him.

MACBETH.	My dearest love Duncan comes here to night.
LADY M.	And when goes hence ?
MACB.	Tomorrow—as he purposes.
LADY M.	Oh never Shall sun that morrow see !

Then in a most masterly and sophistical reasoning, she drives away all hesitation from, him and, by her false arguments, rouses his ambition, and infuses his soul with the stern resolves of her own dauntless mind.

Nature gives Duncan a joyous welcome to that rest which is to be his last. "Heaven's breath smells wooingly" there—and the appearance of everything betokens peace and happiness ; but as the king passes the draw-bridge, the raven croaks hoarsely upon the battlements of the castle walls. Lord and Lady Macbeth in deep dissimulation receive their sovereign with smiling faces ; the mask of courtesy hides hearts, black with fell designs, and hot with the flames of an unholy ambition. When the innocent Duncan is wrapt in quiet slumbers, comes "the deep damnation of his taking off." The indecision of Macbeth's mind appears in that famous soliloquy, at the close of which his wife enters, and drives him to murder by the scornful mockery of her sterner nature. The deed is done ; and

Macbeth, his thoughts already turned from their channel, by prickings of conscience, joins his wife, the dagger still in his hands, his garments stained with blood. His philosophic mind shudders at the idea of having neglected to smear the faces of the unconscious guards; his spirit recoils at the very suggestion of return; but Lady Macbeth, with an absence of fear, worthy of a better cause, performs the necessitous act, unterrified by the sight of death.

The remainder of the drama need only be intimated here. How the dissimulation of revengeful loyalty slew the innocent grooms—how Macbeth shared the throne of Scotland with his guilty wife—how the smiles of regal authority concealed hearts devoured by the vulture of remorse—how Macbeth lived and ruled and died,—all these are too familiar to be mentioned. * * * * * As the vulgar idea of Juliet is that of a love-sick girl in white satin, and of Cleopatra that she was a woman of no intellect and unhallowed passions, the common-place type of Lady Macbeth is a fierce and cruel woman flourishing a couple of daggers, with a fiend-like expression of countenance. The aim of the drama, is not to present merely a life-like picture of humanity; nor is the purport of tragedy only to depict the raging of the worst passions. There is a lesson, a deep moral lesson to be learned from tragedy. The passions are to be purified—the desires are to be ennobled—the heart is to be chastened. It is good to tremble when we behold the perversion of the highest intellect, and of the noblest passions. Although the times do not now furnish us with examples of women, who, prompted by ambition, murder helpless kings, can we yet say that there are no Lady Macbeths in the world, no women, who, preyed upon by the love of distinction, would now sacrifice the happiness of their children, mar their husband's fortunes, and peril their own souls?

The character of Lady Macbeth, unlike that of her husband, which is one of the most complex in the whole range of dramatic poetry, is simple and definable. She stands before us like

some grand Egyptian temple; the stern and massive lines of her character conceal all that is graceful, light and beautiful; the entrance is guarded by the twin Pylones of ambition and of hate, but within all is shrouded in the darkness of a fallen intellect, the terrible blackness of depraved passions; Shakspeare is the only priest who has ever penetrated the recesses of that inner sanctuary; others can only attempt to divide the veil—he alone has ministered at the altar. The fearful energy of her will, the dauntlessness of her nature, the fatality of her resolve combine to form one of the boldest conceptions in all poetry. Although she stains her hands with the blood of her sovereign, is the main instigator of her husband, and appears sometimes a being of demoniac cruelty, we are still forced to believe that all her masculine indifference to blood, her inciting crime, and her obdurate hardness of heart, are produced rather by the exercise of will over herself than by any absolute depravity and love of evil. The “golden round of royalty,” can be placed upon her husband’s head by the commission of one awful deed. She strains her every nerve for its accomplishment. Ambition is the governing passion; love, hatred, pity and terror are all subservient to it. But be it remembered that her ambition is for her husband—not for herself. She wishes not so much to be Queen as a king’s wife. She indeed sees the future crown, but it is surrounded by none of those fancies which are after all but mere trappings and baubles. The grand strength of her nature lends to her ambition something noble and concentrated, and the profound splendor of her imagination envelops the object of her desire with its own radiance. The crown is before her eyes, but the light that glitters from its jewels shines luridly; its gems glisten with an alluring brightness—but the brilliancy of their scintillations is partially diminished by the bloody halo through which they have to pass. She stretches forth her hand for the golden diadem which is to sear and burn her brain. We have said that her ambitious hopes are less for herself than for her husband. We are compelled to acknow-

ledge this because, nowhere in the whole tragedy, can we find a single sentence, from which any other inference can be drawn. In her famous soliloquy upon the receipt of Macbeth's letter, we find no allusion to herself. Her aspirations are for him ; in her dreams of glory, he occupies the foreground ; her hopes are all centered in him. When they first meet, she greets him with no words of conjugal tenderness ; she addresses herself to his future greatness—

Great Glamis ! worthy Cawdor !
Greater than both, by the all-hail hereafter !

She sees the sceptre in *his* grasp—she sees *him* upon the throne—she seeks for *him* the realization of her designs. Whatever may have been her character, as handed down to us, through the media of legend and tradition, as embodied by Shakspeare, with whom alone we have to do, all the selfish side of her ambition is hidden from our sight. The strength of her ambition gives intensity to her passions, and although Macbeth continually calls her by some tender epithet, she allows no wifely expression of her love to interfere and deaden the dreams of unholy power. But when he is bowed down by misfortune, his spirits broken by the remembrance of his guilt, she cheers his heart, and endeavors to soothe that conscience which will not be soothed. In all her sarcasm and all her scornful sophistries, she shows no contempt for him, but rather the unconscious superiority of an intellect, which betrays, not asserts, itself, by the very exercise of its influence. Her sole object was to place her husband on the throne ; when that is done she sees no necessity for further deeds of blood ; Macbeth, on the contrary, steepes his hands deeper in the crimson tide ; he goes on from murder to murder, heaping upon his already unpardonable crime, guilt on guilt, as if the ghastly bodies of the slain would form a barrier between him and the wrath of offended Heaven. Why is it then that some have a stronger sympathy for the more wicked Macbeth, than for his less guilty wife ?

We attribute it to that habit of calm philosophic reflection, which is so characteristic of Macbeth ; that imaginative meditation, in which he indulges so frequently. But with regard to Lady Macbeth, there is a fearful strength of will and a dauntless energy of purpose, which defies all external circumstances. Having steadfastly the crown before her eyes, surrounding it with an ideal glory, she swoops upon her victim with all the strength and ferocity of a vulture ; she goes beyond the pale of her womanhood, and for the attainment of her designs, she perils her soul, with an enthusiasm as perfect, and a zeal as strong, as that of a martyr at the stake, who sees Heaven and crowns of glory in store for him.

In her nature is all that is sternly beautiful in womanhood. We are fascinated by her intellect, we are wrought into admiration by the power of her ambition, and melted to tenderness by the evidence of her love. In his hours of prosperity she was Macbeth's best counsellor, and his only adviser ; in the times of adversity she calmed his sorrows, and supported his grief. Her every wish was for him, and when the retribution of his crimes drew near, she added not to his burdens, by revealing her own ; love for her husband, and the unconquerable strength of her character enabled her to lock up her woes in her breast, guarded by a careful tongue, and an impassible countenance. She was a woman to love entirely, utterly, devotedly, with a love as strong as her purpose, as deep as her guilt, as lasting as her ambition, as immutable as her own.

Have we no sympathy then for *her* ? On the contrary, we think that the character of Lady Macbeth is more deserving of our compassion, than that of her husband. The mere exhibition of physical prowess fails not to win an admiration—much more do we admire an indomitable will, which enables one to conceal all feelings, and to make all passions and emotions subservient to one over-mastering power,—even though it be the lust of ambition,—a strong intellect, which suffers not itself to be turned aside from the object of its choice—even though that choice be a bloody crown,—and an unchanged love,—even

though that love be governed by pride. We pity Lady Macbeth all the more, because, although she invokes the spirit of the air to unsex her, she still shows her womanhood by some unconscious tenderness of speech and kindness of action.

We cannot help but sigh, when we think that a nature so noble has fallen so low, that a woman of such incalculable powers of doing good, should have exerted them to evil. We pity the misery of her proud, strong and gifted spirit, and pitying, we cannot withhold our sympathy; but hers is the misery of a spirit which can seek no consolation from religion; which instead of looking upwards for a superior, sees all things inferior to her will.

Tragedy always conveys a great moral retribution—this we have now to learn, but how? The conscience of a woman not utterly depraved and engulfed in crime, must some day reveal itself, and Lady Macbeth must feel all the anguish of remorse. But the towering bravery of her mind disdains those visionary terrors, which alarm her weaker husband—no “blood-boltered” spectres rise before her mind—air drawn daggers appear not for her—with her the sleeping and the dead are but as pictures. She lived in an iron age, but the superstitions of her times affected not her lofty intellect. She was a stern fatalist—with her, “things without remedy” were “without regard.”

How then does Shakspeare exhibit her keen anguish excited by a sense of guilt? He could not give her a confidant, for that would weaken her pride—he could not make her acknowledge it to her husband, for that would weaken *him*—he could not show it in soliloquy—for her griefs and pains are never displayed even to herself. But when her senses are locked in sleep, when she has lost all command over her powers of mind and body, the unconscious woman betrays her woes in her dreams, those invisible visions to which we are awake in our sleep. These acquaint us with what could not have been wrung from the *woman* by a thousand tortures. And surely is not a most fearful punishment to have sleep made unrefreshing,

to have the "balm of hurt minds" deprived of all its healing power, and "tired nature's great restorer" made a means of inflicting agonies more excruciating than the wheel of the executioner, or the axe of the guillotine?

In her sleep, her seared brain and tortured heart are laid open to our gaze; we are there permitted to see the torments of that inward hell. Memory, with Lady Macbeth, is made a most condign element of retribution. She still sees the "damned spot" upon her hand, she remembers those awful moments when she could herself have stabbed Duncan, had he not so resembled her father as he slept, and cries out in all the agony of a soul tortured by remorse "Here's the smell of blood still: all the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand." Her sight is turned inward, and along the vista of memory she sees painted figures and apparitions more horrible than those hideous forms with which the priests of Brahma were accustomed to cover the walls of their temples. It may be that memory will be the principle instrument in the punishment of the wicked, in a future world. It certainly is in this.

The retribution which follows Lady Macbeth's career of crime is fearful, but we feel that it is just. She sinned against her humanity, and her humanity itself shudders at her punishment.

Her death—it is shrouded in mystery. Yet from some hints that are dropped toward the close of the drama, we may judge that "even handed justice" commended the poisoned chalice to her own lips, and that she, who hesitated not to imbrue her hands in the blood of innocence, scrupled not to terminate her existence with her own hand. She lived a life of crime, and she died a death worthy of such a life. The woman who had slain by one foul deed, her lawful sovereign, appeared before the judgment bar of God, with the guilt of suicide weighing down her haughty soul. She was a fallen woman—yet fallen as she is, we may still estimate her; we may still see her value in her ruin. The gem is sullied, the diamond is shivered, but even in its dust, we may see the magnificence of its material; the fragments

still sparkle and shine, but the original jewel is displaced from its setting. V.

Editor's Table.

Conscious of having only partially performed the duties devolving upon him, and much aggrieved by the torments attending his high position, the Editor presents the result of much toil and anxiety to the impartial inspection of an indulgent but discriminating public. Moreover he begs pardon if he steps a little outside the "beaten track" in the style of his Table. An Editor generally tells you; *firstly*, what is expected in the Editorial; *secondly*, what ought to be said; and *thirdly*, what he as an individual, intends to do. Now we don't care what is expected of us; don't know exactly what we ought to say, and we are far from "proclaiming in Gath" what we intend to do. We simply say we *shant* put ourselves out of the way to be *funny*, and catch us making a *pun*! you may say that we are irascible, but we defend ourselves vehemently replying, "you're another". We now hope that you feel sorry, and are ready to apologize to a man "already cast down by so many misfortunes." Having made our "editorial bow" we proceed to say a few words about things as they exist in our midst. The usual calm, attending the elections prevails, and if we except the yearly inundation of autograph books, there is nothing of moment transpiring. These autograph books seem to us to serve two purposes: *firstly*, to make every one believe "he is chief among ten thousand;" and *secondly*, that you are the best *friend* he has. They are "got up" mainly on account of the Seniors, because the under-classes wish to find out whether we have a good opinion of them. We feel the importance of our position, for we may be seen standing about in groups talking about going to Congress, charging Juries &c. Indeed we have heard some develop *profound views* upon the Union, and one is even preparing an "ex-

position of the Constitution." While we were engaged a few days ago in discussing our future prospects, we thought we heard an old friend exclaim,

"Imberbis juvenis tandem custode, &c."

We hope he did not refer to us. But who knows? As far as we are concerned, we would be the last to throw cold water on future aspirations. We hope we may all go to Congress, and even if the public good demanded it, live and die there. Speaking of Seniors, we are often asked if we "are not sorry to leave old Princeton." We say *very*, and will state our reasons. Why should we desire to leave? Why not listen ever to prodigious stories about the *Trilobites*, the promenades of graceful *labyrinthodons* upon the shores of the continents, and the general *tall* doings in early geological times? (See article on the Mosaic Cosmogony.) Why should we desire to steal away from the Philosophical Hall, where we spend, "never so little time" spinning tops, performing gyrations, driving balls *tandem* down inclined planes, "and catching Venus and Mercury in the same Telescope?" Why lose the great delight we experience in pouring a little CO_2 on copper pyrites, and getting something resembling a good sample of brick-dust? Yes we *do* feel bad, not thinking it unmanly to say so. We are afraid that when we leave we will be haunted by the ghost of Rhamsden and the two sixties, pursued and attacked by the avenging *Megatheriums* and in our despair immolate a little SO_2 to the shades of their ancestors. Having thus relieved our minds of the great sorrow that incubates upon it, we will say a few words to our contributors. We find our drawer full of *poetry*, composed in every kind of metre. One writes about "Guardian Angels." We think we have heard of them before. Another tells us all about "The Mermaid." It is said somewhere,

"Archilochum proprio rabies armavit,"

but we can't divine what armed the author of the above with his inimitable Iambus! For want of room we were obliged to exclude one excellent article entitled "College Life." The author deals harshly with those young men who pursue a literary course in College, to the exclusion of the proscribed studies. He says, "The embryo litterateur opines that he will never be called upon hereafter to solve a problem in geometry, or to display his knowledge of the topography of the intricate labyrinth of the calculus: and for the honor of our Alma Mater, it is a pleasing reflection that he is probably right." Again, reminding us of Xenophon's Memorabilia, where he puts what arguments he pleases in the mouths of the opponents of Socrates, and then makes the great philosopher turn about and annihilate them, the author gives the defence of the Literary young man, as follows: "But says the *laxæ* litterateur, if I am to be a lawyer for example, of what avail is it to spend my time over Mathematics, Natural Philosophy et id omne genus, when I could be more

usefully employed in prosecuting the study of Oratory, making myself skillful in Rhetoric, subtle in Logic, and improving my style by communing with the "grand old masters, and the bards sublime?" Having made this reply, the author bears down upon him and summarily disposes of him. We regret very much that we are unable to publish the whole article, for we are afraid that it has its application to some among us. We advise the author to develop the subject fully and hand his essay down to the next Editor. His last injunction we cheerfully endorse, and think it our duty to state it. "We say to all aspiring Sophomores, 'Crede experto' a literary course in College is a humbug?"

And now, dear reader, as we are about to leave you, we realize more than ever the torments of an Editor. Our sanctum is in a decided turmoil—the lamp burns dimly—Lucina stands over us ready to usher in to-morrow's examination—we are tumbling from one to curve another, regardless of abscissas and ordinates—we can stand it no longer, and in our rage add another gem to the casket of science, viz : a new curve described by this "copy" as it revolves rapidly towards the head of the "Devil" from the hand of the

EDITOR.

EXCHANGES.

Erskine Col. Recorder, Harvard Mag., Ichnolite, Knox Collegiate, High School Journal, Young Men's Mag., Williams Quarterly, and Student and Schoolmate.

The Nassau Literary Magazine,

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EDITORS.

FEBRUARY,	-	-	-	-	-	JOHN WHERRY, Pa.,
MARCH,	-	-	-	-	-	J. S. GALLOWAY, N. J.
APRIL,	-	-	-	-	-	A. T. MCKINNEY, La.
MAY,	-	-	-	-	-	JAMES RICHARDS, N. Y.